

**WE'RE
HERE
FOR
FUN**

With the 4926th

WE'RE HERE FOR FUN

(Auld Lang Syne)

WE'RE HERE FOR FUN RIGHT FROM THE START,
SO DROP YOUR DIGNITY,
JUST LAUGH AND SING WITH ALL YOUR HEART,
AND SHOW YOUR LOYALTY.
MAY ALL YOUR TROUBLES BE FORGOT,
LET THIS NIGHT BE THE BEST,
JOIN IN THE SONGS WE SING TONIGHT,
BE HAPPY WITH THE REST.

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THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
There they decided that; there they decided that;
There they decided that they'd have another flagon.

CHORUS:

OH, LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL
UNTIL IT DOTH RUN OVER.
OH, LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL
UNTIL IT DOTH RUN OVER.
FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE:
FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE:
FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY, MERRY BE:
TOMORROW WE'LL BE SOBER!

Now the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober;
Now the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober;
Fades as the lily fades, fades as the lily fades;
Fades as the lily fades; he'll die before October.

CHORUS:

But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow;
But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow;
Lives as he ought to live; lives as he ought to live;
Lives as he ought to live; He'll die a happy fellow!

CHORUS:

Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother;
Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother;
Does a very foolish thing; does a very foolish thing;
Does a very foolish thing; she'll never get another!

CHORUS:

But the maid who steals a kiss and stays for another;
But the maid who steals a kiss and stays for another;
Is a boon to all mankind; is a boon to all mankind;
Is a boon to all mankind; she'll be a fruitful mother!

CHORUS:

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside a Guinea waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered Thunderbolt, the young pursuiter lay,
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead.
Now, listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

CHORUS:

"I'M GOING TO A BETTER LAND WHERE EVERYTHING IS BRIGHT
WHERE WHISKEY FLOWS FROM TELEGRAPH POLES, AND POKER EVERY NIGHT.
WITH NOT A SINGLE THING TO DO BUT SIT AROUND AND SING,
WHERE ALL OUR CREWS ARE WOMEN---OH, DEATH WHERE IS THY STING?

OH, DEATH WHERE IS THY STING, TING-A-LING
OH, DEATH WHERE IS THY STING,
THE BELLS OF HELL WILL RING-A-LING-A-LING
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.
OH, RING A LING A LING-LING
BLOW IT OUT YOUR TAIL PIPE.
RING A LING A LING-LING
BLOW IT OUT YOUR TAIL PIPE.
RING A LING A LING-LING
BLOW IT OUT YOUR TAIL PIPE.
BETTER DAYS ARE COMING BYE AND BYE!

Beside a "Wetok" waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his wrecked Canberra, the sampler pilot lay,
The navigator hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead.
So listen to the very last words, the sampler pilot said:

CHORUS:

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip
A big yellow tulip
And I wore a big red rose.
When you caressed me,
'Twas then heaven blessed me
What a blessing no one knows.
You made life cheery,
When you called me dearie,
'Twas down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than Julip,
When you wore a tulip,
And I wore a big, red rose.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38
With props that counter-rotate,
She'll loop, roll and spin,
And she'll auger you in,
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS:

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS
OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL.
FOR I AM TOO YOUNG TO DIE.
I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

Don't give me a P-39
With the engine that's mounted behind,
It snap rolls like sin,
And soon augers in
Don't give me a P-39.

CHORUS:

Don't give me a P-51
With the engine that don't always run.
When ditched it will dive
And you won't leave alive
Don't give me a P-51.

CHORUS:

Don't give me a F-94
And engine that slows with a roar,
If you must bust your ass
This does it first class.
Don't give me an F-94.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an F-84
For she's just a ground loving whore,
She'll cough and she'll wheeze
And head straight for the trees.
Don't give me an F-84.

CHORUS:

Please, give me a B-57,
It's a one-way ticket to heaven.
When it spins to the grass
It fractures your ass.
Please give me a B-57.

CHORUS:

HALLELUJAH!!!

Now I was in the gutter with pretzels in my beer,
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near.
Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst;
Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse!

CHORUS:

OH! HALLELUJAH! OH! HALLELUJAH!
THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS: SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS.
OH! HALLELUJAH! OH! HALLELUJAH!
THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS AND YOU'LL BE SAVED.

Oh, I took off down the runway and headed for a ditch,
I looked down at my prop; My God, it's in high pitch.
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air,
Glory, Hallelujah! How did I get there?

CHORUS:

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked just right,
I turned into the final, My God, I racked it tight!
The engine coughed and sputtered; the ship began to weave;
Mayday, mayday, mayday, Spin instructions please!

CHORUS:

I started in a loop, I thought I was clear,
I pulled up underneath; I thought the end was near.
I met the Flying Board, and they gave me the works,
Glory, Hallelujah! What a bunch of jerks!

CHORUS:

I shot my cross-wind landing, my left wing on the ground
Two red flares broke in my face, Pull up and go around,
I got the ship back in the air; about ten feet or more.
My engine quit, I'm on my back! Oh, save me--Major Consta.

CHORUS:

I tried a two-ship take-off, I fell back twenty feet;
Major Consta saw me, I thought he'd have a fit!
The engine began to sputter, the waves, they loomed up high,
Mayday, Mayday, Major Consta, I'm too young to die!

CHORUS:

AIR FORCE LAMENT
(Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Mine eyes have seen the day of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
Oh! The Force is shot to hell!

CHORUS:

GLORY, GLORY, REGULATIONS
HAVE THEM READ AT ALL THE STATIONS.
BURN THE ASS OF THOSE WHO BREAK THEM.
THE FORCE IS SHOT TO HELL!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right a deadly wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,
Oh! the Force is shot to hell!

CHORUS:

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,
But now they fly like sissies, and they hang their heads in shame,
Their spirits shot to hell!

CHORUS:

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak,
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play ping-pong in the Operations shack,
Their technique's gone to hell!

CHORUS:

Yes, the lordly Flying Fortress and the Liberators too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we cannot fly for hell!

CHORUS:

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your 51 was a song your heart could feel.
But now the L-5 charms you with its' moanin' groanin' squeal
And it will not climb for hell!

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong.
But now we're closely standardized for fear we may do wrong.
The Force is shot to hell!

CHORUS:

NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states,
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh! the bomber pilots life is just a farce,
Oh! the bomber pilots life is just a farce,
The auto pilots' on, reading novels in the John,
Oh! the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare,
Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare,
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged,
Oh! the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots up in group,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots up in group,
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass.
Oh! there are no fighter pilots up in group.

Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan,
They're all across the bay, being shot at everyday,
Oh! there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh! it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but its nice,
If you ever do it once, you'll do it twice,
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population,
It's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club,
When a bomber jockey walks into our club,
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub.
Oh! there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same?
Oh, we'll always call you Major Consta
Isn't that a shame?
To the days at dear old Kirtland
Only now we have to wail,
When your leaves have turned to silver,
You can shove them up your tail!

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live all alone,
And I work at the weavers trade.
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time,
And in the winter too.
And the only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,
As I lay fast asleep,
This pretty, pretty maid came to my bedside
and there she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,
Alas, what could I do?
So I took her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year passed but still a bachelor am I,
And I work at the weavers trade.
Comes a knocking at my door,
'Twas a voice I've heard before,
'Twas the voice of the fair young maid,
She handed me a little one, she said, "What shall I do?"
So I took him into bed, and I covered up his head,
Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, and I live with my son,
And we work at the weavers trade.
And every, every time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the summer time, and the winter too.
Of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

I'D LOVE TO LIVE IN LOVELAND

I'd love to live in loveland
With a girl like you.
And every day, a holiday,
With skies of baby blue.
Where roses bloom forever,
And sweethearts are always true;
I'd love to live in loveland,
With a girl like you.

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(My Bonny)

Here's to the regular Air Force,
They have such a wonderful plan,
They call up the Goddamn reservist,
Whenever the crap hits the fan.

CHORUS:

CALL OUT, CALL OUT, CALL OUT, THE GODDAMN RESERVES, RESERVES.
CALL OUT, CALL OUT, CALL OUT, THE GODDAMN RESERVES.

They call up every old pilot,
They call up every young man,
The reservist they go to Korea,
The regulars stay in Japan.

CHORUS:

Here's to the regular Air Force,
With medals and badges galore,
If it weren't for the goddamn reservist,
Their ass would be dragging the floor.

CHORUS:

In peacetime the regulars are happy,
In peacetime they're happy to serve,
But let them get into a fracas,
And they call out the goddamned reserves.

CHORUS:

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters grow.
There's where the birds warbb sweet in the springtime,
There's where the old darkey's heart done long to go.

There's where I labor'd so hard for old Massah,
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love so sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

NEW MEXICO
(Maryland My Maryland)

There is a land of dusty roads
Of rattlesnakes and horney toads,
It never rains, it never snows,
NEW MEXICO---NEW MEXICO

AFSWC'S A MIGHTY FINE PLACE

Oh, AFSWC, Oh, AFSWC'S a mighty fine place,
But the organization's a terrible disgrace.

There are colonels and majors and lieutenants too,
With hands in their pockets with nothing to do.

They stand on the ramp and they rave and they shout,
They shout about things they know nothing about.

For the good that they're doing they might as well be,
Shoveling sand on the Isle of Capri.

CHORUS:

SPECIAL WEAPONS CENTER, THAT'S THE SPOT,
A LOT OF BIRD COLONELS IS ALL THEY'VE GOT.
IF YOUR A BIRD COLONEL WITH NOTHING TO DO.
SPECIAL WEAPONS CENTER IS THE PLACE FOR YOU.
CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN.

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN
(My Bonny)

My father makes rum in the bath tub,
My mother makes two kinds of gin,
My sister makes love for a living,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS :

ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN, MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!

My brother is a poor missionary,
He saves little girls from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for \$5.00,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

My father he died in the bathtub,
My mother she died of her gin,
My sister she married my brother.
My God, what a mess I am in.

CHORUS:

FIREMAN'S SONG

My father is a fireman--he puts out fires.
My brother is a fireman too--he puts out fires.
My sister is a fireman's girl-- she puts out Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, Gentille Alouette, Alouette, jo Te Plumerai,
Jo te plumerai la tete, jo te plumerai la tete,
Ale tete, A la tete,
Alouette, Alouette
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Alouette jo te alouette
Jo te plumerai TDY

R. O. N.

RUM ANDCOKE

GEISHA GAL

HOTSI*BATH

STATESIDE BED

CLEAN WHITE SHEETS

HIT THE PAD

TWENTY TIMES

ACHING BACK

MATINEE

IT'S A LIE

BLESS THEM ALL

Bless them all, Bless them all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball.
Bless the instructors who taught us to fly,
Sent us up solo and left us to die.
So, if ever your blow jet should stall,
You're in for one hell of a fall,
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots,
So cheer up my lads, bless them all.

Bless them all, Bless them all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons,
Bless all the corporals, the fat headed ones,
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all.
The long the short and the tall,
There'll be no promotions, this side of the ocean.
So cheer up my lads, bless them all.

EARLY ABORT
(McNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Major Consta, I'm the leader of the group,
Just step into my briefing room: I'll give you all the poop.
I'll tell you where the sampling is, and where the clouds are black
I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back.

CHORUS:

EARLY ABORT, AVOID THE RUSH.
EARLY ABORT, AVOID THE RUSH.
EARLY ABORT, AVOID THE RUSH.
OH, THE FIGHTING 26TH IS ON PARADE.

THE GREAT GRAY RAT

The moon shone bright on the barroom floor,
The place was closed for the night.
When out of his hole, came a great, gray rat,
And sat up in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the "likker" on the barroom floor,
And back on his haunches he sat,
And to the empty room he roared,
"BRING ON YOUR GODDAMNED CAT."

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train,
Is standing at the station: I love you.
As we go strolling through the park,
And goosing statues in the dark,
If Sherman's horse can stand it, why can't you.

You're the guy that did the pushing,
Put the wet spots on the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
Ever since you met my daughter,
She's had trouble passing water,
Wish that you had never come to town.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I wanna go to bed.
I had a little drink about an hour ago and it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam, on land or sea or foam,
You will always hear me a singing this song,
Show me the way to go home!

ZCOTSUITS AND PARACHUTES
(Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Drury Lane,
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same.
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be,
And he was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS:

SINGING ZCOTSUITS AND PARACHUTES AND
UNIFORMS OF BLUE,
HE'LL FLY A 57 LIKE HIS DADDY
USED TO DO.

She like a silly girl, thinking it no harm,
Climbed in beside him just to keep the pilot warm.
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maiden head.

CHORUS:

Now in the morning, before the break of day,
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say.
Take this my darling for all the harm I've done,
For you may have a daughter or you may have a son,
And if you have a daughter put ribbons in her hair,
And if you have a son get the bastard in the air.

CHORUS:

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee,
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

CHORUS:

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why, the ivy twines,
Tell me why, the stars do shine,
Tell me why, the oceans blue,
I'll tell you why, it's because I love you.

Because God made, the ivy twine,
Because God made, the stars to shine,
Because God made, the oceans blue,
Because God made you, is because I love you.

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

I seeby your outfit that you are a cowboy.
These words he did say, as I slowly rode by,
"Come sit down beside me, and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the breast and I'm going to die."

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,
Once in the saddle I used to be gay.
First down to Rosies,
Then down to the card-house,
I'm shot in the breast and I'm dyin' today."

"Get sixteen gamblers to carry my coffin,
Six purty maidens to sing me a song.
Get buckets of roses to spread by my graveside,
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly,
Oh, play the fife lowly,
Play the death march as they carry me away,
Take me down to the valley,
And lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of Old Smokey, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover, for a courtin' too slow.
For courtin's a pleasure, but parting is grief,
And a false hearted lover, is worse than a thief.
For a thief will just rob you, and take all you have,
But a false hearted lover, will lead you to the grave.
And the grave will decay you, and turn you to dust,
Not one man in a hundred, a poor girl can trust.
They'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies,
Than cross ties on a railroad, or stars in the skies.
So come all you young maidens, and listen to me,
Never trust your affection, 'Neath a green willow tree.
For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will die,
And you'll all be forsaken, and never know why.
On top of Old Smokey, All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover, for a courtin' too slow.

ABDULLAH BULBUL AMIR

The sone of the Prophet are valiant and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
And the bravest of all was the man, so I'm told,
Called Abdullah BulBul Amir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or harrass the foe from the rear;
Storm fort or redoubt, they were sure to call out,
For Abdullah BulBul Amir.

There are heroesin plenty, and well known to fame,
In the legions that fight for the Czar,
But none of such fame as the man by the name,
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes by cards,
And play on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite guards,
Was Ivan Petrofsky Skivar.

One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun,
Put on his most cynical sneer;
And was walking downtown when he happened to run,
Into Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

Young man, said BulBul, "Is existence so dull,
That you're anxious to end your career;
Then, Infidel, know you have trod on the toe,
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

So take your last look at the sea, sky, and brook,
Make your latest report on the war;
For I mean to imply, you are going to die,
Oh, Ivan Petrofsky Skivar.

So this fierce man he took his trusty Chibouk,
And murmuring "Allah Akbar"
With murder intent he most savagely went,
For Ivan Petrofsky Skivar.

The Sultan rose up, the disturbance to quell,
Likewise, give the victor a cheer.
He arrived just in time to bid hasty farewell,
To Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

A loud sounding splash from the Danube was heard,
Resounding O'er meadows afar;
It came from the sack fitting close to the back,
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skivar.

There lieth a stone where the Danube doth roll,
and on it in characters queer;
Are "Stranger, when passing by, pray for the soul,
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

BLOOD UPON THE RISERS

"Is everybody happy?"
Cried the sergeant looking up.
Our hero feebly answered, "yes."
And then they stood him up,
He baped right out into the blast.
His static line UNHOOKED
He ain't gonna jump no more.

CHORUS:

GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELLUVA WAY TO DIE
HE AIN'T GONNA JUMP NO MORE.

He counted long, he counted loud,
He waited for the shock,
He felt the wind, he felt the breeze,
He felt the awful drop.
He jerked the cord, the silk spilled
Out and wrapped around his legs.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

The risers wrapped around his neck,
Connectors cracked his dome,
The liners were snarled and tied in knots,
around his skinny bones,
The canopy became his shroud,
He hurtled toward the ground,
He ain't gonna jump no more.

The days he lived and loved and laughed,
Kept running through his mind,
He thought about the girl back home,
The one he left behind.
He thought about the medics,
And wondered what they'd find.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

The ambulance was on the spot,
The jeeps were running wild,
The medics rolled their sleeves and smiled,
For it had been a week or more,
Since last a chute had failed.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

He hit the ground, the sound was splat, his blood went spurting high
His conrades then were heard to say, "Ahelluva way to die."
He lay there rolling around, in the welter of his gore.
He ain't gonna jump no more.

There was blood upon the risers, there was brains upon the chute,
Intestines were dangling from his paratroopers boots.
They picked him up still in his chute and poured him from his boots
He ain't gonna jump no more.

FIELD ARTILLERY SONG

Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail,
And those Caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout, "Counter march and right about,"
And those Caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS:

THEN IT'S HI! HI! HE! IN THE FIELD ARTILLERY,
SOUND OFF YOUR NUMBERS LOUD AND STRONG.
WHERE E'ER YOU GO YOU WILL ALWAYS KNOW
THAT THOSE CAISSONS ARE ROLLING ALONG--KEEP 'EM ROLLING!
AND THOSE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG.

Through the storm, through the night, up to where the doughboys fight
All our Caissons go rolling along.
At zero we'll be there, answering every call and flare.
While our Caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS:

Cavalry, boot to boot, we will join in the pursuit,
While those Caissons go rolling along.
Action fast, at a trot, volley fire with shell and shot
While those Caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS:

Should the foe penetrate, every gunner lies in wait,
And those Caissons go rolling along.
Fire at will, lay 'em low, never stop for any foe.
While those Caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS:

But if fate me should call, and in action I should fall,
Keep those Caissons a rolling along.
Then in peace I'll abide, when I take my final ride,
On A Caisson that's rolling along.

I HAD A DREAM

You had a dream, dear,
I had one too,
Mine was the best,
'Cause it was of you.
Come, sweetheart tell me,
Now is the time,
You tell me your dream,
I'll tell you mine.

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right,
A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every night.
I eat porter house steak three times a day for my board,
More than any ordinary gal can afford.

I got a big electric fan to keep me cool when it's hot,
A big handsome man to keep me warm when it's not.
I'm just a ramblin' woman, A gamblin' woman, drunk every night
I Just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

I've got hips that sunk the ships of England, France and Peru,
And if you're like Napoleon it's your Waterloo.
I'll take fifteen minutes intermission in a Ford V-8
I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late date.

My motto is "Sin be gone with the wind."
So lets be breezy tonight.
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right!

RYE WHISKEY

If the ocean were whiskey, and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.
It's whiskey, rye whiskey, whiskey, I cry.
If a tree doesn't fell me, I'll live till I die.
It's whiskey, rye whiskey, whiskey I cry,
If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die.

But the ocean ain't whiskey, and I ain't a duck,
So I'll just play Jack-O-Diamonds
And trust to my luck.
It's rye whiskey, rye whiskey,
I know you from old,
You rob my poor pockets of silver and gold.

SO LONG

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again,
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been.
Some of the things that have bothered my mind,
And a lot of good friends that I've left behind.

CHORUS:

SINGING SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU,
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU.
SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU.
WHAT A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN HOME,
AND I'VE GOT TO BE DRIFTING ALONG.

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES
(Bless them All)

Bless them all, bless them all,
Bless the tiptanks and tailpipes and all.
Bless old man Martin for building this jet.
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet.
Cause he tried to go over the wall,
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off,
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.

Thru the wall, thru the wall,
That bloody invisible wall.
That transonic journey is nothing but rough.
As bad as a ride on the local base bus.
So I'm staying away from the wall,
Subsonic for me and that's all.
If your hot you might make it,
But you'll probably break it.
Your butt or your neck not the wall.

UNDERNEATH THE BAMBOO TREE

I'll build a bungalow big enough for two,
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two.
And when we're married happy we'll be,
Under the bamboo, under the bamboo tree.

That's where my money goes, to buy my baby clothes,
I buy her everything to keep her in style.
And in my future life, she's gonna be my wife.
How'n the hell do I know? She told me so.

Someone's been loving you, I know you ain't been true.
T'aint intuition honey sent from above.
That kiss was a winner, honey,
Too good for a beginner honey.
Someone's been givin' you lessons on love.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light of the silvery moon.
I want to spoon, to my honey I'll croon love's tune.
Honeymoon, keep a-shinin' in June,
Your silvery beams will bring love dreams,
We'll be cuddling soon, by the silvery moon.

KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the canteen early, it was shortly after nine,
And by the stroke of fortune, her room was next to mine.
Like any brave "Columbo" with regions to explore,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

OH! THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR!
OH! THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR!
I TOOK UP MY POSITION BY THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR.

She crossed over to the fireplace, her lovely figure to warm,
With only a silken night to hide her gorgeous form,
I prayed that she would take it off, just that and nothing more,
My God, I saw her do it, through the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

Now after many a pounding upon the paneled door,
And after many a pleading, I crossed that threshold floor.
So no one would ever see what I had seen before,
I hung her silken nighty o'er the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

That night I slept in clover, and other things besides,
And on that snow-white bosom, I had a wonderful time.
I awoke next morning early, my back it was so sore,
You'd think that I'd been crawling through the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

Now listen all you astronomers, who think you are so wise.
Who gaze into your telescopes into the starry skies,
Your telescopes are "bug-a-roo-ed" to the keyhole in the door.
Your telescopes are "bug-a-roo-ed" to the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you, a pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find,
A place that's known to God alone
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace, where joys never cease
Out there beneath the starry sky.
We'll build a sweet little nest, somewhere out in the West
And let the rest of the world go by.

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE
(Ramblin Wreck)

Come and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say,
You never do a lick of work, just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind,
We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind,

CHORUS:

YOU'LL NEVER MIND, YOU'LL NEVER MIND,
OH, COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND.

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flier.
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find.
The engine cough, the wings fall off and you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit,
You see your prop come to a stop, the Goddamn engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you can not swim, the shore is miles behind,
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Oh, when you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear,
You'll see your stubby wings fall off, but you will never care,
For in about two minutes, Mac, another pair you'll find.
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Oh, then you meet a joker, he shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time belly aching, and calling the beggar names,
Just push your stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find,
There ain't no hell, and all is swell, and you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham.
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind.

CHORUS:

FASCINATING LADY

Wish I were a fascinatin' lady, past kind of dim-future kind of shady
Live in a house with a little red light, sleep all day and work all night
Once a month take a vacation, drive my customers wild,
Wish I was a fascination lady, instead of a minister's child.

THE PERSIAN KITTEN

The Persian kitten perfumed and fair,
Went out to the kitchen to get some air,
An Old Tom Cat, lithe, lean, and long,
A dirty old yellow came along.

He sniffed at the perfumed Persian cat,
As she strolled along with such eclate,
Thinking at last of the night to pass
He whispered, "Baby, you sure got class."

Now fitting and proper was her reply,
As she arched her whiskers up over her eye,
"I'm ribboned and sleep on pillows of silk,
And daily I'm fed on certified milk."

"I should be happy with what I've got,
I should be happy, but happy I'm not,
I should be happy, I should indeed,
Because I'm highly pedigreed."

"Cheer up," said the Tom Cat, with a smile,
"and trust in your new found friend for a while,
You needn't escape from your back yard fence,
Baby, all you need is experience."

Then the tale of life he then unfurled,
As he told the cat of the outside world,
Suggesting at last with a lurid laugh,
A trip for the two down the primrose path.

Then the morning after the night before,
When the kitten came home at the hour of four.
The innocent look on her face was spent,
And in her eyes was a smile of content.

Then in a few weeks when the kittens came,
To the Persian kitten of pedigreed fame,
Those cats weren't Persian, they were black and tan.
She told them their daddy was a travelin' man.
A travelin' man, ratchin', scratchin' travelin' man.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper,
That you love me too.
Keep the lovelight glowing,
In your eyes so true,
Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.

COLD WINTER EVENING

T'was a cold winter evening,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Riley was closing the bar,
When he turned 'round and he said, to the lady in red,
"Get out you can't stay where you are."
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper, stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her, the things a young girl should know.
About the ways of Air Force men, and how they come and go.
Age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its deep scar,
So remember, your mothers, and sisters boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY

Once I was happy and had a good wife,
Had enough money to last me for life,
I met with a gal and we went onna spree
She taught us to smoke and drink whiskey.

CHORUS:

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY AND WILD, WILD WOMEN
THEY'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE.
CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY AND WILD, WILD WOMEN
THEY'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE.

Cigarettes are a plot on the whole human race,
A man is a monkey with one in his face,
Here's my definition, believe me, dear brother;
"A fire on one end, a cool on the other."

CHORUS:

Brother, beware, or they'll write on your grave,
"To women and Whiskey, here lies a poor slave."
Take warning, dear stranger, take warning, dear friend.
They'll write in big letters these words at your end.

CHORUS:

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Shine on, shine on Harvest moon, up in the sky,
I ain't had no loving since, January, February, June or July.
Snow time ain't our time to stay outside and spoon,
So shine on, shine on Harvest moon for me and my gal.

I WANTED WINGS

CHORUS:

I WANTED WINGS,
TILL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THINGS,
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANY MORE.

They taught me how to fly,
Then sent me out to die,
But I've had a belly full of war.
I wanted wings, till I got the goddamned things,
Now I don't want them any more.
You can save your blood Zeroes
For the other Goddamned heroes.
Distinguished flying crosses
Do not pass in states for losses, Buster!

CHORUS:

Yes I'll take the dames,
When the rest go down in flames,
I have no desire to be there.
It's not romance when they shoot holes in my pants,
I'm not a fighter, I have learned.
You can save the little witches,
For the other Sons-a-Bitches,
I'd rather make a woman,
Than be shot down in a Gruman, Buster!

CHORUS:

Now I'm too young to die on a lousy TDY
That's for the eagers not for me.
I don't trust my luck, to be picked up by a duck,
After I have crashed into the sea.
I'd rather be a ferrier,
Than a pilot on a carrier,
With my hand upon the throttle,
You can take your Goddamn throttle, Buster!

CHORUS:

I ONLY WANT A BUDDY

I only want a buddy, not a sweetheart,
Buddies never make you blue.
Sweethearts make vows that are broken
Broken like my heart is broken too.
Don't tell me that you love me
Say you like me.
No lover's quarrels, no bungalows for two.
No stroll down lovers' lane
Just keep right on a sayin'
I only want a buddy not a gal.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

From the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well
See the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing,
Of the songs we love so well,
How I Love Thee, Mavourneen, and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

CHORUS:

WE ARE POOR LITTLE LAMBS
WHO HAVE LOST OUR WAY, BAA, BAA, BAA,
WE ARE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP
WHO HAVE GONE ASTRAY, BAA, BAA, BAA,
GENTLEMEN SONGSTERS OFF ON A SPREE
DAMNED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY,
LORD, HAVE MERCY ON SUCH AS WE, BAA, BAA, BAA.

SHE'S MORE TO BE PITIED

She's more to be pitied then censured,
She's more to be helped then despised.
She's only a lassie who ventured
Down life's stormy path ill-advised.

Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider.
A flyboy was the cause of it all.

BALLS, PARTIES AND BANQUETS

There'll be balls, parties and banquets,
There'll be banquets, parties and balls,
Harry S. Truman has said it before
"This is the way to stay out of war."
With balls, parties and banquets, banquets, parties and balls.
There'll be parties and banquets and banquets and parties,
AND BALLS.....BALLS.....BALLS.

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay,
You could hear the darkies singing,
They seemed to say.
You have stolen my heart, now don't go way.
As they sang love's sweet song, on Moonlight Bay.

PADDY MURPHY

The night that Paddy Murphy died,
I never will forget.
The Irish all got drunk that night,
And some aren't sober yet.
The awful thing they did that night
That filled my heart with fear,
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it in the beer.
That's how we showed our respect,
When Paddy Murphy died,
That's how we showed our loyalty and pride
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
Respect for Paddy Murphy
On the night that Paddy died.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea,
She lost her morals, down along the corals,
Gee, but she was nice to me.

Many's the night with the pale moon shining
Down on her bungalow,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed.

Now you can easily see, she's not my mother,
Because my mother's forty-nine.
And you can easily see, she's not my sister,
Cause I wouldn't show my sister such a helluva good time.

You can easily see she's not my sweetie
My sweetie is too refined.
She's just a slip of a kid, she didn't know what she did,
She's just a personal friend of mine.

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON

'Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the winter and in the month of may
When they asked her why the hell she wore it,
She said "'Twas for her lover, who was far, far away.

CHORUS:

FAR AWAY--FAR AWAY--OH, SHE WORE IT FOR HER LOVER
WHO WAS FAR, FAR AWAY.
FAR AWAY--FAR AWAY--OH, SHE WORE IT FOR HER LOVER
WHO WAS FAR, FAR AWAY.

DOODLE LEE DO

Do it to me what you did to Marie,
Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
I know it was swell 'cause I heard her yell.
Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
It's the easiest thing, there isn't much to it.
All you do is Doodle Lee Do it.
Do it to me what you did to Marie.
On the sofa last Saturday night.

Do it some more, whate you did to Lenore,
Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
First you undressed her, then you caressed her.
Saturday night, Saturday night.
It's the easiest thing, there isn't much to it.
All you got to do is Doodle Lee Do it
Do it some more, what you did to Lenore
On the sofa last Saturday night.

Sweet Sally Jones went out with a show
Called Doodle Lee Do, Doodle Lee do
She made a hit, by doing her bit.
Called Doodle Lee Do, Doodle Lee Do.
Twenty a week was all there was to it.
All she had to do was Doodle Lee Do it
She bought a Rolls Royce, but not with her voice.
She had to Doodle Lee Doodle Lee Do it.

SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old shanty town,
The roof is so slanty
It touches the ground.
Just a tumbled down shack,
By an old railroad track,
Like a millionaires' mansion
Keeps calling me back,
I'd give up a palace
If I were a king.
I'd give up a mansion
It's my everything.
There's a queen waiting there,
With silvery hair.
In a shanty in old shanty town.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

Give my regards to Broadway, remember me to Harold Square.
Tell all the gang on 42nd Street, that I willsoon be there.
Tell them of how I'm yearning, to mingle with the old time throng.
Give my regards to old Broadway,
And tell them I'll be there 'ere long.

AIR FORCE HYMN

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sky.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At'em boys give her the gun.
Down we dive spouting our flame from under
Off with one hell of a roar.
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who love
The vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message
To his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old
And down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold,
Here's a toast to the host of men we boast,
The U. S. Air Force.

ACE IN THE HOLE

This town is full of guys,
Who think they're pretty wise.
Just because they know a thing or two.
You can see them night and day,
Strolling up and down Broadway,
Telling of the wonders they can do.
Con-men and crapshooters,
Congregate around the metropole
Wearing flashy ties and collars.
Where do they get those dollars?
They all have an ace in the hole.
Some of them write to the old folks for coin,
That's their old ace in the hole.
Others have girls on the old tenderloin,
That's their old ace in the hole.
They'll tell you of trips,
That they are going to make,
From "Frisco" to the Old North Pole,
But their names would be mud,
Like a chump playing stud,
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you,
With your eyes of blue,
Dressed in gingham too.

It was there I knew
That you loved me too,
You were sixteen
My village queen
Down by the old mill stream.

LILI MARLENE

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait.
She waits for the boy who marched away,
And though he's gone she hears him say;
"Oh, promise you'll be true, Fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene"

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone every night you'll see her wait.
For this is the place a vow was made,
And breezes sing her serenade.
"Oh, promise you'll be true, Fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene."

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
And there in the lamp light it is said, a halo shines above her head,
"Oh, promise you'll be true, Fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene.
Till I return to you, Fare-thee-well Lili Marlene."

Underneath the lamp post by the barracks gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait.
And as they go marching to the fray, the soldiers all salute and say,
"We'll tell him you've been true, Fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene.
Till he returns to you, fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene."

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky Home,
'Tis summer the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom
While the birds make music all the day.

CHORUS:

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY,
OH, WEEP NO MORE TODAY,
WE WILL SING ONE SONG FOR THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME,
FOR THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME, FAR AWAY.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon.
On the meadow, the hill and the shore.
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

CHORUS:

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart.
With sorrow where all was delight.
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my Old Kentucky Home, goodnight.

CHORUS:

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG MAGGIE

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie
Where we sat in the long, long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie
Where first the daisies sprung,
The old rusty mill is still, Maggie.
Since you and I were young.

CHORUS:

AND NOW WE ARE AGED AND GREY, MAGGIE
THE TRIALS OF LIFE NEARLY DONE.
LET US SING OF THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE, MAGGIE
WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then.
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and grey, Maggie
As spray by the white breakers flung.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie
When you and I were young.

CHORUS:

DAISY

Daisy, Daisy give me your answer do,
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage.
But you'll look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

David, David, Here is your answer true,
You are crazy if you think that I love you.
If you can't afford a carriage
There won't be any marriage.
For I'll be damned if I'll be crammed
On a bicycle built for two.

East side, West side, all around the town,
The cops play ring-around-rosey.
London bridge is falling down.
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

THE PRISONERS SONG

Oh, I wish I had some one to love me,
Some on to call me their own.
Oh! I wish I had some one to live with.
For I'm tired of living along.

As I lay on my cold prison bed,
With my head on a pillow of stone,
And these cold prison bars all around me,
Never again will I roam.

If I had the wings of an Angel.
Over these prison walls I would fly,
And I'd fly to the arms of my darling,
And there I'd remain till I died.

Oh, I have a grand ship on the ocean
All mounted with silver and gold,
And before my poor darling could suffer.
That ship would be anchored and sold.

GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND

There was a woods,
The prettiest woods,
You ever did see.
And the green grass grew all around, all around,
And the green grass grew all around.
Now in this woods there was a hole,
The prettiest hole you ever did see.
The hole in the woods,
And the green grass grew all around all around,
And in this hole there was a tree,
It was the prettiest tree you ever did see.
Tree in the hole,
Hole in the woods,
And the green grass grew all around, all around.
And on this tree there was a limb.
The prettiest limb you ever did see,
The limb on the tree, the tree in the hole, the hole in the woods,
And the green grass grew all around, all around
And on this limb there was a branch,
And on this twig there was a nest,
And in this nest there was an egg,
And on this egg there was a spot,
And on this spot there was a bug,
And on this bug there was a wing,
And on this wing there was a dot,
And the green grass grew all around, all around,
And the green grass grew all around, all around.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine so merrily
And never never thinks of me.

CHORUS:

FARE THEE WELL, FOR I MUST LEAVE THEE
DO NOT LET THE PARTING GRIEVE THEE
AND REMEMBER THAT THE BEST OF FRIENDS
MUST PART, MUST PART..
YES ADIEU, ADIEU KIND FRIENDS ADIEU
YES ADIEU, ADIEU, I CAN NO LONGER STAY WITH YOU
STAY WITH YOU.
I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WEEPING WILLOW TREE
AND MAY THE WORLD GO WELL WITH THEE.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me.
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

CHORUS:

Oh, did a grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet.
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

***** THREE OLD MAIDS IN A LAVATORY

The first old maid, her name was Miss Bender
She went to fix a busted suspender,
Got it mixed up with her feminine gender
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS:

THREE OLD MAIDS WERE LOCKED IN A LAVATORY
THEY WERE THERE FROM MONDAY TO SATURDAY
AND NOBODY KNEW THEY WERE THERE.

The second old maid, her name was Miss Porter
She went in to pass some superflous water,
The water got deeper than water should orter
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS:

The third old maid, her name was Miss Powell,
She went in to clear a stopped bowel.
The bowel it cleared in a manner most foul
And everyone knew she was there.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine

CHORUS:

OH, MY DARLING, OH, MY DARLING, OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE
YOU ARE LOST AND GONE FOREVER, DREADFUL SORRY CLEMENTINE.

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine.
Herring-boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

CHORUS:

Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning just at nine.
Hit her foot upon a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

CHORUS:

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

CHORUS:

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days, when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends, from the cotton fields away.
Gone from the earth, to a better land I know.
I hear those gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.

CHORUS:

I'M COMING, I'M COMING, AND MY HEAD IS BENDING LOW.
I HEAR THOSE GENTLE VOICES CALLING, OLD BLACK JOE.

Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain,
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again.
Grieving for forms not departed long ago.
I hear their gentle voices calling, Old Black Joe.

CHORUS:

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free,
The children so dear that I held upon my knee
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
I hear their gentle voices, calling Old Black Joe.

WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN

I love you as I never loved before,
Since first I met you on the village green (village green)
Come to me or my dream of love is o'er (is o'er)
I love you as I loved you, when you were 'sweet,
When you were sweet Sixteen.

BIRMINGHAM JAIL

Down in the valley, valley so low.
Late in the evening hear that train blow,
Hear that train blow love, hear that train blow,
Late in the evening, hear that train blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven, know I love you,
Know I love you dear, know I love you.
Angels in heaven, know I love you.

If you don't love me, love whom you please.
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease love, give my heart ease.
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease.

Send me a letter, send it by mail.
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.
The Birmingham jail love, Birmingham Jail.
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.

SILVER DOLLAR

A man without a woman,
Is like a ship without a sail.
Is like a boat without a rudder.
Like a kite without a tail.

A man without a woman
Is like a shipwreck on the sand
But if there's one thing worse in the universe
It's a woman, I said a woman,
I mean a woman without a man.

For you can roll a silver dollar
Cross the bar room floor.
And it will roll, because it's round.
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down.

Now honey, listen, now honey, listen to me
I want you to understand.
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand.
While a woman goes from man to man.

SMILE A WHILE

Smile awhile you kiss me fond adieu
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lover's lane with you.
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory.
So wait and pray each night for me.
Till we meet again

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway a while.

CHORUS:

COME AND SIT BY MY SIDE IF YOU LOVE ME
DO NOT HASTEN TO BE ME ADIEU.
BUT REMEMBER THE RED RIVER VALLEY
AND THE ONE THAT HAS LOVED YOU SO TRUE.

Wont you think of the valley you're leaving?
Oh, how lonely how sad it will be.
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking.
and the grief you are causing to me.

CHORUS:

From this valley they say you are going,
When you go may your darling go too.
Would you leave her behind unprotected.
When she loves no other but you?

CHORUS:

As you go to your home by the ocean.
May you never forget those sweet hours,
That you spent in the Red River Valley,
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

CHORUS:

Oh, there never could be such a longing,
In the heart of a pure maiden's breast.
That dwells in the heart you are breaking.
As I wait in my home in the West.

CHORUS:

THE SOUSE FAMILY

The souse family is the best family,
That ever came over from Old Germany,
There's the Highland Dutch, and the Lowland Dutch,
The Rotterdam Dutch and the Goddamn Dutch.

Glorious, glorious, one keg of beer,
For the four of us.
Glory be to God, that there are no more of us.
For one of us could drink it all alone, Damn near!

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old dad.
She was a pearl and the only girl
That daddy ever had.
A good old-fashioned girl
With heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you.
I want a girl, just like the girl.
That married dear old dad.

I want a beer, just like the beer
That pickled dear old dad.
It was a beer, and the only beer.
That daddy ever had.
A good old-fashioned beer.
With lots of foam.
One big glass and they carried daddy home.
Oh I want a beer just like the beer,
That pickled dear old dad.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day.
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing?
Rise up so early in the morn;
Can't you hear the Captain shouting.
Dinah, blow your horn.
Dinah, won't ya blow, Dinah, won't ya blow,
Dinah, won't ya blow your horn?
Dinah, won't ya blow, Dinah, won't ya blow,
Dinah, won't ya blow your horn?
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know,
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strumming on the old Banjo----
 and singing
FE FI, FIDDLY I O, FE FI FIDDLY I O
FE FI, FIDDLY I O,
STRUMMING ON THE OLD BANJO!

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those banjos ringing.
How the old folks would enjoy it.
They would sit all night and listen.
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got six-pence, jolly, jolly Six-pence.
I've got Six-pence to last me all my life.
Ive got Two-pence to spend, Two-pence to lend...
And Two-pence to send home to my wife! (Poor wife!)

CHORUS:

NO CARES HAVE I TO GRIEVE ME,
NO PRETTY LITTLE GIRL TO DECIEVE ME,
I'M HAPPY AS A KING..BELIEVE ME .
AS I GO ROLLING, ROLLING HOME...
ROLLING HOME...(DEAD DRUNK)...ROLLING HOME (DEAD DRUNK)
BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY M-O-O-N,
HAPPY IS THE DAY WHEN THE AIR FORCE GETS IT'S PAY
AND WE GO ROLLING, ROLLING HOME.

REPEAT AND SUBSTITUTE: "FOUR-PENCE", "TWO-PENCE", AND "NO -PENCE"

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out to the park,
Buy me some peanuts and cracker-jacks,
I don't care if I never get back,
For its root, root, root, for the home team.
If they don't win, it's a shame.
For it's one, two, three strikes,
You're out at the old ball game.

George is thru with "Wetok"
George is watching the clock.
Give him five fifths and a B-4 bag
Give him a ticket with MATS yellow tag.
George is going to Kirtland
If he don't score it's a shame,
For it's ban, bang, knock on the door
Of the same old dame.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Just a song at twilight
When the lights are low.
And the flick'ring shadows,
Softly come and go.
Tho' the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight
Comes love's old song.
Comes love's old sweet song.

I WONDER WHY

I hear music and there's no one there.
I smell blossoms and the trees are bare.
All day long I seem to walk on air.
I wonder why, I wonder why?
I keep walking in my sleep at night.
And what's more I've lost my appetite
Stars that used to twinkle in the skies
Are twinkling in my eyes, I wonder why?

It is not so surprising,
You don't need analyzing,
It sounds very strange but nice.
Your heart goes pitter-patter,
I know just what's the matter
Because I've been there once or twice.
Put your head on my shoulder.
You need someone who's older.
A rubdown with a velvet glove.
There is nothing you can take,
To relieve that pleasant ache.
You're not sick, you're just in love.

SWEET GENEVIEVE

Oh, Genevieve I'd give the world,
To live again the lovely past,
The rose of youth was dew impearled.
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee.
Thy glance is in the starry beam.
That falls along the summer sea.

CHORUS:

OH, GENEVIEVE, SWEET GENEVIEVE,
THE DAYS MAY COME, THE DAYS MAY GO.
BUT STILL THE HANDS OF MEM'RY WEAVE.
THE BLISSFUL DREAM OF LONG AGO.

JUST BECAUSE

Oh, just because you think you're so pretty,
Oh, just because you think you're so hot.
Just because you think you've got something
That nobody else has got.
Well, just because you spend all my money
And Honey you call me "Old Santa Claus."
Baby, I'm tellin you, Honey, I'm thru with you
Because, just because.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing, for me and my gal.
The birds are singing for me and my gal.
Everybody's been knowing, to a wedding they're going.
And for weeks they've been sewing, every Susie and Sal.

They're congregating, for me and my gal.
The parsons waiting, for me and my gal.
And someday we're going to build a little home for two,
Or three or four, or more.
In loveland, for me and my gal.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare,
With my wild Irish rose.
My wild Irish rose,
The dearest flower the grows,
And some day for my sake,
She may let me take,
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of love alone can see.
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine.
Are the smiles that you gave me.

MELANCHOLY BABY

Come to me my melancholy baby,
Cuddle up and don't feel blue.
All your fears are foolish fancies, baby,
You know dear that I'm in love with you.
Every cloud must have a silver lining,
Wait until the sun shines thru.
Smile my honey dear,
While I kiss away each tear.
Or else I shall be melancholy too!

THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait
On mas-sa and hand him de plate.
Pass down de bottle when he get dry,
And brush away de blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

JIM CRACK CORN, I DON'T CARE
JIM CRACK CORN, I DON'T CARE.
JIM CRACK CORN, I DON'T CARE.
OLE MASSA GONE AWAY.

An' when he ride in de afternoon
I follow wid a hickory broom
De poney being berry shy,
When bitten by de blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

One day he rode around de farm,
De flies so numerous dey did swarm.
One chance to bite him on the thigh
De debble take dat blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

De poney run, he jumb an' pitch
An' tumble massa in de ditch.
He died, and de jury wonder'd why
De verdic, we de blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree
His epitah am dar to see,
"Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,
All by de means ob de blue-tail fly.

CHORUS:

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams.
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true.
Till the day when I'll be going down,
That long, long trail with you.

SHORT'NIN' BREAD

Two little darkies lyin in bed,
One of em sick and de odder mos dead.
Call fo' de doctor an' de doc done said.
"Feed dem babies some short'nin' bread."

CHORUS:

MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORT'NIN', SHORT'NIN"
MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORT'NIN' BREAD.
MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORT'NIN, SHORT'NIN'
MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORT'NIN' BREAD.

Put on de skillet, put on de led,
My lil' honeys want short'nin' bread.
Two lil' darkies a-layin' in bed,
Snorin' and a-dreamin' of a table spread.

CHORUS:

W'en ole doc come he simpully said;
"Feed dose chillun some short'nin' bread."
When dey heah tell o' short'nin' bread.
Up dey popped right out of bed.

CHORUS:

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old time there am not forgotten.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Oh, in Dixie Land where I was born.
Early on the frosty mornin'
Look away, Look away, look awy, Dixie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, Hooray.
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie, away, away,
Away down south in Dixie.

OLD GANG OF MINE

Gee, but I'd give the world to see,
That old gang of mine.
I can't forget that old quartette
That sang "Sweet Adeline."
Goodbye, forever, old fellows and gals
Goodbye, forever, old sweethearts and pals.
God bless them,
Gee, but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine.

MY BLUE HEAVEN

When whip-poor-wills call, and evening is nigh,
I hurry to my blue heaven.
A turn to the right, a little white light.
Will lead you to my blue heaven.
You'll see a smiling face,
A fireplace, a cozy room
A little nest that nestles, where the roses bloom.
Just Mollie and me, and baby makes three.
We're happy in my blue heaven.

MY GAL SAL

They call her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal.
With a heart that is mellow.
An all around good fellow.
Was my gal Sal.
Your sorrows, troubles and cares,
She was always willing to share.
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level.
Was my gal Sal.

TOO OLD TO DREAM

When I grow to old to dream,
I'll have you to remember,
When I grow too old to dream,
Your love will live in my heart.
So kiss me my sweet,
And so let us part,
But when I grow to old to dream,
That kiss will live in my heart.

MOONLIGHT AND ROSES

Moonlight and roses,
Bring wonderful memories of you,
My heart reposes,
In beautiful thoughts so true,
June light discloses,
Love's olden dreams sparkling anew,
Moonlight and roses,
Bring memories of you.

CAROLINA MOON

Carolina Moon keep shining,
Shining for the place I long to be,
Carolina Moon I'm pining,
Pining for the one who waits for me.
Now I'm hoping tonight you'll go,
Go to the right window,
Follow your light,
Say 'I'm all right, please do.
Tell her that I'm blue and lonely,
Dreamy Carolina moon.

NEW SAN ANTONIO ROSE

Deep within my heart lies a melody,
A song of Old San Antone,
Where in dreams I live in my memories,
And Rose, My rose of San Antone,
It was there I found, beside the Alamo,
Enchantment strange as the blue up above.
A moonlit path that only she would know.
Still hears my broken song of love.

Moon in all your splendor,
Know only my heart,
Call back my rose, Rose of San Antone,
Lips so sweet and tender,
Like petals fallen apart.
Speak once again of my love, my own.
Broken song, empty words I know,
Still live in my heart all alone,
For that moonlit path by the Alamo
And Rose, my rose of San Antone.

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL

If you were the only girl in the world,
And I were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world today.
We could go on loving in the same old way.
A garden of Eden just made for two.
With nothing to mar our joy.
I would say such wonderful things to you.
There would be such wonderful things to do.
If you were the only girl in the world.
And I were the only boy.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP

Not a soul down on the corner
I't a pretty certain sign,
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

All the boys are singing love songs,
They've forgot "Sweet Adeline"
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That Old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, there goes Jill
Down thru lovers lane
Now and then we meet again,
But they don't seem the same.

Gee, I get a lonesome feeling,
When I hear those church bells chime,
Those wedding bells are breaking up,
That old gang of mine.

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure 'tis like a morn' in spring,
In the lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing.

When Irish hearts are happy,
all the world is warm and gay,
But when Irish eyes are smiling,
'Shure they'll steal your heart away.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I lived all alone,
In a little log hut we called our own,
She loved gin and I loved rum
I tell you what We'd lot of fun.

CHORUS:

Ha! ha! ha! YOU AND ME,
LITTLE BROWN JUG DON'T I LOVE THEE
HA! HA! HA! YOU AND ME,
LITTLE BROWN JUG DON'T I LOVE THEE.

'Tis you who makes my friends and foes,
'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes
Here you are so near my nose,
Tip her up and down she goes.

CHORUS:

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

CHORUS:

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMIN' FOR TO CARRY ME HOME,
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMIN' FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.

I looked over Jordan, what did I see
Comin' for to carry me home?
A band of angels comin' after me.
Comin for to carry me home.

CHORUS:

If you get dere before I do
Comin' for to carry me home.
Jess tell my friends I'm comin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home.

CHORUS:

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE
ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
Like a fairy gift fading away.
Thou wouldst still be adored,
As this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will.
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

ROW, ROW, ROW, YOUR BOAT
(ROUND)

ROW, ROW, ROW, YOUR BOAT,
GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM,
MERRILY, MERRILY, MERRILY,
LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.

FRE'RE JACQUES
(ROUND)

Are you SLEEPING,
Are you sleeping,
Brother John, Brother John?
Morning bells are ringing,
Morning bells are ringing,
DING,DING,DONG,----DING, DING, DONG.

ANNIE LAURIE

Max-weltons' braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be.
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard, a discouraging word.
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS:

HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE,
WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY
WHERE NEVER IS HEARD, A DISCOURAGING WORD.
AND THE SKIES ARE NOT CLOUDY ALL DAY.

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE

Wait till the sun shines Nellie
And the clouds go driftin' by,
We will be so happy, Nellie
Bye and Bye.
Down lovers lane we'll wander,
Sweetheart, you and I
Wait till the sun shines, Nellie
Bye and Bye.

THE BAND PLAYED ON

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde,
And the band played on.
He'd glide cross the floor
With the girl he adored,
And the band played on.
But his brain was so loaded
It nearly exploded,
The poor girl would shake with alarm.
He'd ne'er leave the girl, with the strawberry curls
And the band played on.

JINGLE, JANGLE, JINGLE

CHORUS:

I GOT SPURS THAT JINGLE, JANGLE, JINGLE,
AS I GO RIDIN' MAERRILY ALONG,
AND THEY SING "OH, AIN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE SINGLE!"
AND THAT SONG AIN'T SO VERY FAR FROM WRONG.

Oh Lillie Belle, Oh, Lillie Belle
Lillie Belle, though I may have done some foolin'
This is why I never fell.

CHORUS:

Oh, Mary Ann, Oh, Mary Ann,
Mary Ann, Though we may have done some moonlight walkin'
This is why I up and ran.

CHORUS:

Oh, Sally Jane, Oh, Sally Jane,
Sally Jane, though I'd love to stay forever
This is why I can't remain.

CHORUS:

Oh, Bessie Lou, Oh, Bessie Lou,
Bessie Lou, though we done a heap of dreamin'
This is why it won't come true.

CHORUS:

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS:

FOR AULD LANG SYNE, MY DEAR,
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.
WE'LL TAKE A CUP O' KINDNESS YET
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

WE'VE SUNG ALL THE SONGS, BEGINNING TO END,
WE HOPE THIS SONGBOOK, SOME PLEASURE DID LEND.

OUR SONGS MAY BE BAWDY--SOME OF THEM BLUE,
BUT THE NEXT TIME WE SING, WE'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU.

SO LET'S DRINK A TOAST--A TOAST IN GOOD CHEER
TO THE LIES THAT WE'VE TOLD THROUGH THE FOAM ON OUR BEER.

WE'LL DRINK TO OUR FRIENDS, WHETHER NEAR OR FAR,
AND SING THE SAME SONGS, IN SOME OTHER BAR.

CHRISTMAS SONGS

I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I heard the bells on Christmas day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat.
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep."
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! the Lord is come.
Let earth receive her king.
Let every heart prepare him room.
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

He rules the world with truth and grace.
And makes the nations prove.
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love,
And wonders of his love,
And wonders and wonders of his love.

O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark street shineth,
The everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above.
While mortals sleep, the angels keep,
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars together,
Proclaim the holy birth.
And praises sing, to God our King,
And peace to men on earth.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old.
From angels bending near the earth,
to touch their harps of gold.
Peace on the earth,
Good-will to men.
From heavens all gracious king.
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they came,
With peaceful wings unfurled.
And still their heavn'ly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing.
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years,
Shall come the time foretold.
When the new heaven and earth shall own.
The prince of Peace their King.
And the whole world send back the song,
Which now the Angels sing.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born king!"
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all ye nations rise, join the triumph of the skies
With the angelic hosts proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.

CHORUS:

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING
"GLORY TO THE NEW BORN KING."

O COME , ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold him, born the king of angels.

CHORUS:

O COME LET US ADORE HIM, O COME, LET US ADORE HIM,
O COME, LET US ADORE HIM, CHRIST THE LORD.

Sing choirs of Angels, Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above.
Glory to God in the highest , glory. (REPEAT CHORUS)

DECK THE HALL

Deck the hall with boughs of holly, Fa la la lala, la, la. la. la
Tis the season to be jolly, fa la la la la, la la la la.
Don we now our gay apparel, Fa la, la. la, la la la,
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

See the blazing Yule before us, Fa la, la la la, la la la la.
Strike the harp and join the chorus, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Follow me in merry measure, Fa la la la, la la la.
While I tell of Yuletide treasure, Fa la la la la, lala la la.

THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay.
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

CHORUS:

NOEL, NOEL, NOEL, NOEL
BORN IS THE KING OF ISRAEL.

They look-ed up and saw a star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far.
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

CHORUS:

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, Holy night, All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child.
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night, shepherds quake at the sight
Glories stream for Heaven a-far.
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the saviour is born, Christ the saviour is born.

Silent night, Holy night, son of God, loves pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face.
With the dawn of redeeming grace.
Jesus Lord at Thy birth, Jesus Lord at Thy birth.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around, and glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread,
Had seized their troubled minds,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind, to you and all mankind.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse far,
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star.

CHORUS:

OH, STAR OF WONDER, STAR OF NIGHT
STAR WITH ROYAL BEAUTY BRIGHT
WESTWARD LEADING, STILL PROCEEDING,
GUIDE US TO THE PERFECT LIGHT.

STOLEN

FROM

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